THE SENTIMENT OF EVERY AMERICAN MOTHER

AMERICA
HERE'S MY BOY

2

WORDS BY
ANDREW B. STERLING

MUSIC BY
ARTHUR LANGE

JOE MORRIS MUSIC CO.
145 W 45TH St. NEW YORK

"America, Here's My Boy"

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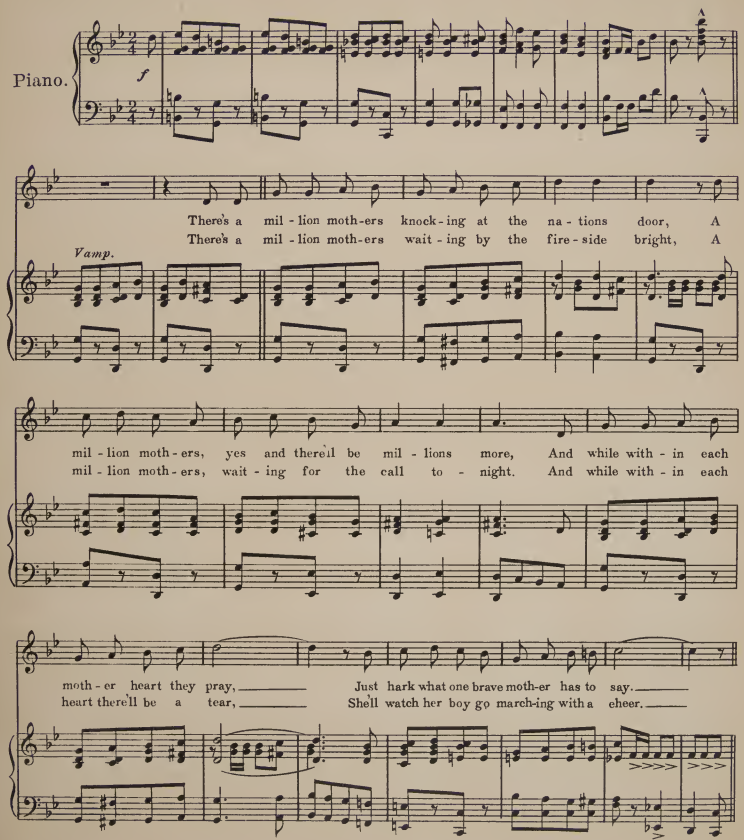
Piano.
f
There's a mil - lion moth-ers knock - ing at the na - tions door, A
There's a mil - lion moth-ers wait - ing by the fire - side bright, A
Vamp.
mil - lion moth - ers, yes and there'll be mil - lions more, And while with - in each
mil - lion moth - ers, wait - ing for the call to - night. And while with - in each
moth - er heart they pray, Just hark what one brave moth-er has to say.
heart there'll be a tear, She'll watch her boy go march-ing with a cheer.

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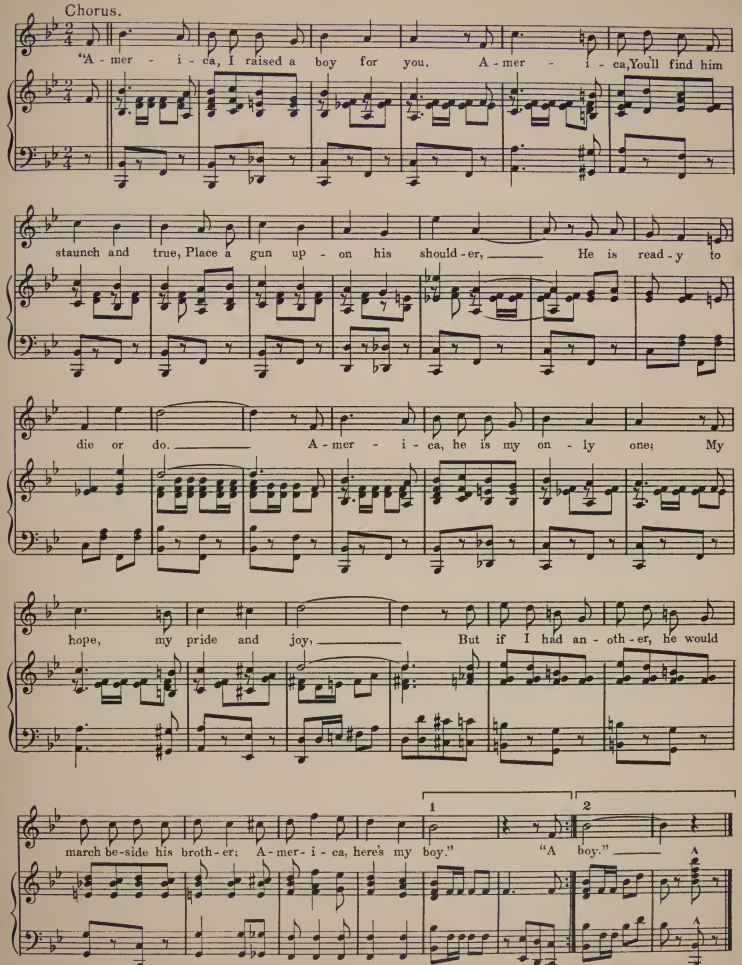
Chorus.
"A - mer - i - ca, I raised a boy for you. A - mer - i - ca, You'll find him
staunch and true, Place a gun up - on his should - er, He is read - y to
die or do. A - mer - i - ca, he is my on - ly one; My
hope, my pride and joy, But if I had an - oth - er, he would
1
2
march be-side his broth - er; A - mer - i - ca, here's my boy." "A boy."

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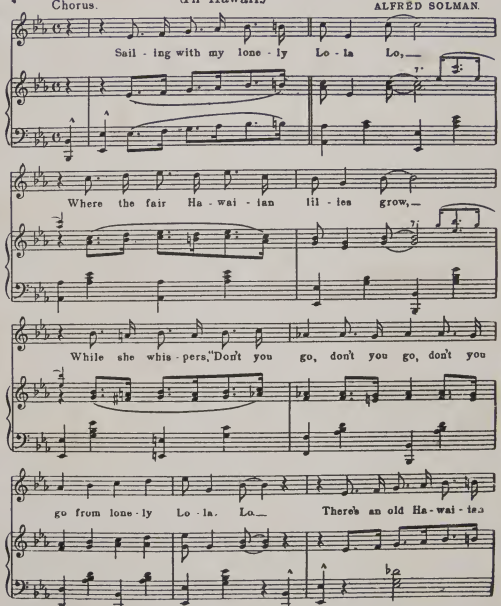
(In Hawaii.)

STANLEY MURPHY
By ARTHUR LANGE &
ALFRED SOLMAN.

Chorus.


Sail - ing with my lone - ly Lo - la Lo,—
Where the fair Ha - wai - ian lil - ies grow,—
While she whis - pers, "Don't you go, don't you go, don't you
go from lone - ly Lo - la. Lo— There's an old Ha - wai - ian

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